

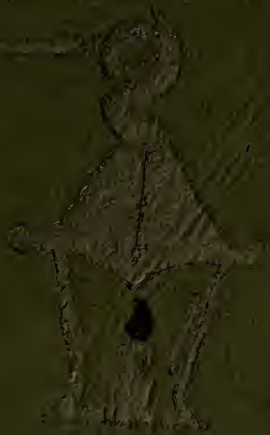
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Hansberger, Clara & others.

Lighted lanterns.



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Lighted Lanterns



Clara Hansberger
Evangeline Chapman
Alma Golling Barker
Lilian Vaughan Gay
Olive Wray Heywood

419674
16.2.44



FOREWORD

This book is the result of the collaboration of five writers of the city of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

It is offered to the public in the belief that war years necessitate production of food for the mind as well as for the body.



Copies may be obtained from bookstores and from:

Mrs. G. C. Barker,
1146 Clifton Ave.,
Moose Jaw, Sask.,

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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LIGHTED LANTERNS

As homeward drove the prairie pioneer
He fixed his gaze to a lantern hoisted high
And then he sighted stars in range quite clear;
While thus assured the distant home seemed
nigh.

These heavenly lights were there to guide and
cheer.

He watched his lantern dimmer grow then die,
There was no oil but as the sailors steer
Their barques, so now, he drove through
grasses dry.

The lantern's part to point to stars not near;
With grateful heart, he smiled a glad reply.
Star lights were there and so dispelled all fear—
Unfailing lights on which we can rely.

RATIONED WORDS

How can I place it in a poem
An iridescent dimpling sea
Which racing sail-boats lightly skim;
How wrap with words of imagery
The beauty of a vine-clad wall
Or garden tangled in the fall;
How can I weave a tapestry
Lovely as the things I see;
How best preserve the song of birds
By using only simple words?

NATURE'S VERSE

Nature is busy inscribing her verse;
What does she use but the face of the earth.

LIFE

The perfectly reflected thought of God
May be a sprouting seed that lifts the sod.

ETERNITY

The sun slips slowly from our sight,
Reflected there in glowing light.
Upon the western sky, a story
Is told, expressed in blazing glory.

—Clara Hansberger.

ADVANCE AGENT

Suddenly from out of nowhere
We find him here without a warning.
Our lawns are shabby and oh, so bare!
The bird bath icy this cold morning:

The brook is surly and growls along.
Small sharp teeth show at the edges
In place of sparkling lilting song.
And not a worm is in the hedges.

So easy to defrost a few
And time would tame that puppy stream
And change dull things for bright and new
Had we been told of company's dream.

I wonder if his vest is warm,
If Mrs. Robin likes it here
And if his home will stand a storm
Or needs repairs to give it cheer.

Perhaps he has a wartime job
Pulling worms from out a garden.
Oh how his little heart will throb
While chirping songs to Dolly Varden!

But when a fellow drops in like that
He must take things just as they are.
Worms may be frozen and not too fat
But Victory gardens come at par.

THE CHALLENGE

(After Pearl Harbor.)

What if they beat us to the draw,
It proved to all we were at war!
We're fighting for—what we adore—
A peace to last for evermore.

We pray we may be worthy of
The freedom we so crave and love,
May we be worthy of our boys
Who fight for freedom and its joys!

It's true we were created free
And so God's man must ever be;
Must strive with all his might and main
To prove what is our right to gain.

United we are a majority,
United we have authority.
What if they beat us to the draw,
We must defend humanity's law.

—Clara Hansberger.

A TRIOLET

When comes our Spring with violets,
Mild breezes soft and birds that sing,
'Tis time to write some triplets.
When comes our Spring with violets,
Her smiles of cheer she ne'er forgets
And triplets we're glad to bring,
When comes our Spring with violets,
Mild breezes soft and birds that sing.

THE CLOSE OF DAY

Just as the sun was setting
And painting the north-west sky
In colors fantastic,
I listened
and heard
what seemed
a distant mountain stream
warbling
and gurgling
its way
down hill
in mellowed musical tones.

The liquid sounds
were magnified
and soon we saw
great waves of sheep
with hundreds of bells
spill over
the mountain's
purple rim
and tumble
down
a silver flood.

The shepherd led
and safely folded
his flock for the night;
then with time-worn lantern of horn
beckoned the way
the lambs to see
beneath
the cozy
bergerie.

—Clara Hansberger.

GOLDEN GLORY

Gold is the color of last leaves
Of sunburned grass and ripened sheaves.
Gay pumpkins light October in;
With jolly face, our hearts they win.

September gold seems much to new;
It lacks in patina through and through
November gold is pale and thin
Worn spots reach down to base within.

October gold seems pure and fine,
Its coffers—an unguarded mine.
Each weed and stubble over night
Is changed at Midas' touch so light.

The prairie trees in gold are gowned;
At signal leaves are dropped to ground.
And lie as colored shadows bright,
Yet still send forth a blaze of light.

Bright autumn leaves blow here and there;
On hill and field and everywhere.
The meadow stream is lost in a maze
Of tangled gold, its banks a haze.

A myriad of leaves, each one
A boat, with sides curled up to sun!
A fairy fleet—these leaves that float!
Like a noble model, rides each boat.

Saskatchewan seems stored with gold
A magic wand appears to hold.
When autumn's tang is in the air
Its leaves send forth their sunny flare.

INDIAN SUMMER (A Triolet)

The most delightful time of all the year
Just comes and goes without a stated date.
This extra season held by all most dear,
The most delightful time of all the year
Is pleasant Indian Summer filled with cheer.
It feels like Summer lingering on 'til late;
The most delightful time of all the year
Just comes and goes without a stated date.

—Clara Hansberger.

UPPER ROOM

I sat to-day in an upper room,
'Til the slanting rays of the setting sun
Made crayons of light across the gloom.

Dear friends were gathered with me there
And the presence of One we felt, unseen,
Was a benediction and a prayer.

We broke the bread and we sipped the wine,
(Food of friendship, instilled with love)
But the blessing by candlelight was Thine.

A PRAIRIE BOY GOES TO SEA

When I stand on the deck on a starry night
When the sea seems still and asleep,
I think I am back on the wide free plains
Where the moon bathes the snow so deep.

And then when the tempest is raging hard
And I feel the sting of the spray
I am back with the dust begriming my face
As the sandstorms darken the day.

I feel the pulse of the motors there
And I think of a prairie dawn
With the threshing machines on every side
Beating their belching song.

I see the enemy swoop from the sky
And I hear the bullets hail
And it's only the flash of a thunder storm
And another crop daring the flail.

They wonder why prairie boys go to sea.
Enduring has been our trade,
And going onward against all odds
Our training. We're not afraid.

NIGHT

The night is as soft as an old wool dress.
As soft and as warm.
And here and there on the tattered folds
Is the glitter of sequins.

—*Evangeline Chapman.*

TO A KNIGHT IN A PLANE

I have not even known your name,
Nor seen your face. But just the same
When I hear motors in the night
Or see the brilliant flash of light
Of sun upon your wings by day
I lift my eyes to you, and say,
"While selfless ones like you ride high
Then Freedom shall not ever die."
Who cares about Sir Galahad
When you climb up the wind, My Lad.

A MOTHER READS THE MESSAGE,

"MISSING"

I see him in his uniform,
Long-limbed and lithe and strong;
The measured beat of marching feet
Carries him swift along.
Cheer after cheer the columns hear;
More distant grows their song.

The sun sinks red into the west.
It seems a sea of blood;
Far down the street I hear the beat
Of marching feet on mud.
The last sad ray of dying day
Is gone. My tears now flood.

It's dark. And he is here again,
Just as he used to be.
I hold him tight with all my might
And kiss his dimpled knee;
His hair curls—wet with baby sweat.
He's all the world to me.

He's older now. I hear his plans.
(Mothers believe in dreams)
Some day he'll build and see fulfilled
These gay fantastic schemes,
And I — Now I must let him die.
A dream is not what it seems.

—*Evangeline Chapman.*

EIGHT O'CLOCK

A little boy sits on the bottommost stair.
Lamplight is glinting on golden hair.
Rocking, close by in her easy chair,
A little old lady is knitting.

Chubby wee finger with infinite care
Traces the words on the page printed there.
He reads in monotony of Baby Bear
Crying for all of his treasures.

Purl and a plain is the pattern where
Needles are clicking a metrical air.
Weariness makes the wee fellow stare.
Sandman is surely approaching.

Rude one indeed would be he who would dare
By sudden loud noises to waken the pair—
Little boy curled on the bottommost stair
Or her, with hands clasped on her knitting.

THE POET

She plied her duster to a chair,
And saw, not dust,
But a land more fair;
And beautiful princes
And soldiers and kings
And wonderful kinds of wonderful things
And flowers and trees and birds of the air
Were there. Not dust,
As she dusted a chair.

DESTINY

I am only a part of a pattern—
And the looms sit high
And the shuttles fly by,
And none sees that I
Am here, or knows what my work may be.
But if I fail there will be a flaw
And the burlap will show
And the ends fray raw.

—*Evangeline Chapman.*

MIRAGE

A vast expanse of prairie meets the eye
To East and West.
And to the South the Dirt Hills rise
In rich green foliage dressed.

The sun stares from an unruffled sky,
And near and far
The grasses crispen up with heat—
The breath of ovens ajar.

A miracle takes place before one's eyes.
Short miles away
Is seen a river flowing on parched plains,
Ripples asway.

Raised up above the earth are seen whole
 towns,
And haystacks tall.
And still the river flows with current swift
Beneath them all.

CROSS ROADS

We were searching in the attic chest
For an "old" gold clip for the bride to wear,
When we found a tattered book of verse;
So we settled down in a sagging chair.

We read of 'the fairies', 'the fishes that sing'
And 'One time a sea-horse.' I wiped a tear;
For I pictured a little girl's curly head
On her Daddy's arm—so sweet—so dear.

I looked at the radiant bride-to-be,
And knew it was time—we would have to go.
But I'm lonesome still, for that little girl,—
Even so.

Imagination

He with imagination blest
Knows no horizon, East or West.

—*Evangeline Chapman.*

WOODS

As you enter the woods on a glad summer day
And hesitant stand where the cool shadows stay,
Your footsteps disturb the deep sylvan quiet
And startled wild creatures seek refuge in flight.
You hear the quick whirring of frightened bird's
wings—

And sense the aloofness of all growing things;
Feel the mute fear in unseen watching eyes;
Note the sudden hush of soft woodland cries.
Trembling wild flowers with-hold their perfume
And stand root-bound prisoners, awaiting their
doom.

The heart of the wood has stopped beating—is still
Its wild life—its still life—with fear stand a-thrill.

Perchance you come often, with kindly intent,
On neither havoc nor sacrilige bent;
Leave, 'midst its teeming life, no bleeding wound,
The pixies then know your heart is attuned.
Vines reach out to entwine and caress,
Low bushes, against you lovingly press;
Trees, tall and stately, smile and unbend,
Their arms spread in greeting to welcome a friend.
Ferns, bending low over violets near,
Softly whisper, "There's nothing to fear."
All beckon and call you from 'neath its green
roof;

The woodland no longer stands cold and aloof.

A SYMPHONY

The throb of growing things
Mingling
With the sighing cadence of Spring winds,
swells
To the melody of summer songsters, and
Singing brooks,
In harmony with cooling shades, green lanes
And fragrant sun-swept garden paths.

Comes Autumn, pouring out
Her rhythm
Of brilliant color, in one last chorus
Of gay defiance to the passing year,—
Fading into
A soft white symphony, as winter swings
His bare baton to the tune of the winds.

*Inspiration is the flame in the lantern that lights
The path for the theme of the poet's song.*

—Alma Barker.

WIND VOICES

I am the voice of the West wind,
Singing lullabies soft and low;
I steer little ships to the land of dreams,
Gently rock them to and fro.

I am the voice of the East wind;
The pitter-patter of rain.
Seeds buried deep in the earth awake
At the sound of my soft refrain.

I am the voice of the South wind;
The caroling of birds my lay;
Wafted from sweet scented garden, my breath
Ripples brooks and the tall grasses sway.

I am the voice of the North wind;
Nature heeds my fierce call,
And softens the sound of my bolsterous song
In the folds of her great white shawl.

THE GOWN (Triolet)

The gown was simply divine!
It was just made for me.
So chic! with just the right line—
That gown, so simply divine.
It must—it shall become mine!
Surely friend husband can see
A gown so simply divine
Was made for no one but me.

THE BONNET

My lady love bought a new bonnet;
I gazed in horror upon it.
Then craftily told her
It made her look older,
Never again did she don it.

—*Alma Barker.*

THEY COME

From the rocky coast of Norway—
From the distant Russian steppes—
From the turmoil of the Balkans,
Come the pioneers to join us.

For they hear the prairies calling,
Calling from their treeless vastness,
Calling with their sweet wind voices,
Promising a golden harvest.

Mountains rise beyond the prairie,
Rich in lead, in gold, in copper;
Man must labor for their treasure;
'Tis the young, the strong, the bold ones
Who alone can break their fastness.

Forests, ripe for woodmen's axes,
Pressing close, climb up the mountains,
Where tall pines pierce clouds low drifting.
Rivers filled with spawning salmon,
Halibut and trout and pickerel,—
Firm of flesh, sweet to the tongue, they
Wait you in the icy waters.

On the prairies rise sod houses,
Man and beast alike they shelter.
In the forest, rude log cabins
Calked with rosin, through the winter
Hold the woodman's hardy family.

Czech and Slovak, Pole and Dane, all
Flee the bitter land of serfdom;
Come to us across the waters;
Stand demanding at our portal
Justice, freedom for their children.

Happy are these simple people,
For the love of soil lies deeply
Planted in their hungry bosoms.
Knowledge of their crafts they bring us.
Pride they take in its perfection.
Gladly share their knowledge with us
That we too may live in beauty.
One of many ties that bind all
Living 'neath the flag of freedom—
Flying symbol of our greatness.

*The memory of home is a symphony of sounds
Played by hands of time on the harp of life.*

—Alma Barker.

Page Thirteen

THE LITTLE LOG CABIN

In a shady hollow, beside a brook—
Singing its wistful song—
A lonely little log-cabin stands:
The days are many and long,
Since friendly bushes hugged it close,
Or a worn path led to its door.
Curious vines with prying fingers peep in
And creep on the dust covered floor.

A wild grape vine hides holes in the roof;
Soft moss clings to its side;
For years no one has called it home,
The door, with the wind, swings wide.
Its hollow eye looks longingly
On distant travelers, and it sighs,
"Come rest awhile 'neath my shady roof
As the day in the west slowly dies."

The old cabin dreams of by-gone days,
When, from its open door
A happy bride could look with pride
On the flower-strewn skirt it wore.
Tonight I pray, the little log cabin
That stands in the hollow, may sleep
Too sound to hear the night wind crying
And the wistful brooklet weep.

THE WAVES

Myriad stars up in the sky,
Like little lanterns hanging high,
Were reflected in the sea.
There each wave, rising to its crest,
Held a star close to its breast
In trembling ecstasy.

The crimson sun ushered in the day,
And smiled upon the waves at play.
In haste to reach the land,
They rose and fell in their mad race
To spread swirling petticoats, edged with lace
Upon the waiting sand.

*Words are the colors the poet uses
To paint pictures on the canvas of men's minds.*

—Alma Barker.

DESERTED HOUSE—OCCUPIED

The empty little house you spoke of,
shall be mine:
its loneliness so suited to my mood;
the vines which tap and tap the pane,
shall be my neighbours
come to call;
that lonely spot down in the glen
I'll make my own:
the lonely room fit refuge for a lonely soul,
no more the door shall swing, unused,
upon its frame,
it shall be fastened with a lock of gold,
a lock of gold
to hold
and keep
all my remembrances of joyous childhood
days;
the windows shall be crystal-paned
and curtained with white lace,
flaunting to straying passers-by
its brightened happy face,
the dream-flower-borders of another day
I will make grow,
roses and eglantine I'll plant,
pansies for thoughts,
rosemary for remembrance,
poppies for forgetting
will bloom in that fair yard;
that little house you spoke of
will not be now forlorn,
the little house—it shall be mine.
I'll make the garden very gay
with all the brightest flowers;
I hope you'll come and call some day,
and we will talk for hours.

—*Lilian Vaughan Gay.*

TO MEMORY

Who sang the song which rings in my ear?
Where did I catch this lay?
This happy strain, so very clear,
Sounds like love's roundelay.

Such a dancing tune,
Entrancing rune,
I sing it wherever I go.
This melody light,
With joy bedight,
Makes my heart feel aglow.

Oh, memory is a gift so bright,
I can hold such songs in store,
Repeat them again in the silent night,
When the singer is here no more.

I need not despair,
With memories rare,
I can gladden some darker hour;
Hear over again
That cheerful refrain,
With this mystical magic power.

TWO CINQUAINS

Dear friend,
the years between
the past and now, roll back,
when Christmas mail brings me your wish,
and love.

Be swift
to right a wrong,
be there to touch a hand
in friendship—so make life on earth
worth while.

—Lilian Vaughan Gay.

MARCHING FEET

The sound of soldiers marching starts a tingling
in my blood,
Tramping footsteps, clanking bootsteps,
Match the beating of my heart,
As the drummer, and the marshal, and the feet
of men take part.

As the music of the soldiers' band is wafted
down the street,
'Bove the footsteps, clanking footsteps,
All the trumpeters compete
To sound out a thrilling melody, which will
never sound "Retreat".

The sound of soldiers marching starts an ache
 within my breast,
Weary footsteps, clanking bootsteps,
Forging on in freedom's quest;
While mothers sigh but bravely smile, and leave
 to Heaven the rest.

THE HARVEST OF WAR

Death stalks our land today,
His sickle carelessly wielding,
To gather the young blades, they
Unripened harvest yielding.

Farmers gather the wheat
In golden fullness maturing,
The season's round complete,
Perfect garner ensuring.

Death today
Takes the flowers that are fairest,
Which bloomed but an hour,
Fragrance the rarest.

THE DAY OF RECKONING

After the feast, there's a price to pay;
Drunken with blood,
Gourmet of flesh,
Did you reckon, Hitler, on that day?

—*Lilian Vaughan Gay.*

DISAPPOINTED LOVER

When we met at afternoon tea,
In the cosiness, the rosiness
Of reflected fire-flames, flickeringly
On you dancing, — so entrancing,
So utterly lovely to me.

Your Grand-aunt that afternoon knew,
With her capacity for sagacity,
That my heart was shaken shatteringly;
You unaware, the tumult there,
My world quite changed by you.

Was my heart that afternoon right?
In the glimmer, rosy shimmer,
As the lights danced flitteringly.
I was mistaken—now forsaken,
You were married, I found out, that night.

PANSIES UNDER THE SNOW

Beneath this panoply of fluffy white,
Patiently my small trees stand
Moated around with snow so light,
Listed by wind. They understand
The ghostly carpet is but spread
To keep roots safe, and, with the spring
The snowdrops white and tulips red
Will show again, and colours fling.
Casual passers may not know
I have pansies here—under snow.

BOOMERANG

The dagger of war,
that evil shaft,
which the Austro-German madman
flashed around the world,
will surely, circum-navigate the Globe
and stab him in the back.

—*Lilian Vaughan Gay.*

THE LAST FAREWELL

Our fair young son his part to play,
Left home and friends without delay.
'Twas on a chill November day
We said good cheer, he marched away —
For well we knew and so did he,
The future veiled uncertainty.
The need was great, the planes were few,
He volunteered his work to do.

But every one must do his part
E'en though it breaks the mother heart,
This is not for a few . . . but all—
It is our country's urgent call.
We dare not leave this job half done
For if we do, we're slaves of Hun.
I like to think he's just away
And has not gone for long to stay.

But we must know joy and defeat
And take the bitter with the sweet.
Somewhere on foreign land he fell;
His final fate we cannot tell.
But man that is of woman born,
His days are few and trouble torn.
A thousand years are as a day
And earthly things soon pass away.

He notes the tiny sparrow's fall
We know His love is over all.
He lost his life? This is not true,
He gave his life for me and you
That generations yet to be
May freedom have and liberty.
My son! He must have sensed my tears
Amid the singing of the spheres.

—*Olive Wray Heywood.*

A MIDNIGHT FROLIC

Puss paused at the drawing room door,
Behind her trailed her kittens four;
Snowball, Nigger, Tiger and Fluff,
Four bright kittens, that's quite enough!
"Dears", said Puss, "Our mistress is out.
What say you we frolic about?"

I over-heard her on the phone,
She's having tea with Mrs. Stone.
I heard her key turn in the door
Now we're alone and can explore."
On polished floors they slid and raced
And over cushioned carpets chased.

Sly Nigger jumped upon a chair
To watch the bird hung in mid air.
They rolled and scampered here and there
They mauled their mother beyond repair;
She cuffed their ears for antics rough
And they in turn were not so tough.

They laughed and giggled full of glee,
What harm could come from such a spree?
They waltzed and swung through hall and den,
They curtsied there and back again.
They scurried through the kitchen clean
And to the pantry in between.

Some one had left a pan of milk
For them, 'twas just as fine as silk.
They tiptoed up the stairway dark—
Mother leading . . . what a lark!
They promenaded down the hall,
The moon beams caught their shadows tall.

They peered into their mistress' room
She was not there—now all was gloom.
They heard a noise, "What shall we do?"
Down the bannister like elves they flew.
Their mistress who came home quite late
Found all asleep beside the grate.

—*Olive Wray Heywood.*

COMRADES

'Neath low'ring clouds or weather fair,
A very strange but happy pair
Pass by my window every day,
The man is blind and gropes his way.

His faltering steps are guided right
By little eyes that shine so bright,
And chubby hand held firm and tight
By one who never sees the light.
He's guided through the busy street
And feels secure when cars they meet,
Tapping his cane along the way,
Lest from the trodden path he'd stray.
He listens closely to the news,
As told in simple boyish views;
A game that's played, a race that's lost—
But friendship kept—whate'er the cost.
It's here that youth and old age meet
In love and sacrifice so sweet;
How true the story that we read,
A little child shall often lead.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Sept 1, 1939.

We were startled from our slumber
On a still September morn,
In the early light of dawning
Just before a day was born.

High above in paths of splendor
Rode the silver harvest moon.
Could she know the fears that gripped us
And the fate we'll know so soon?

"Extra! Extra! Read about it!"
Pierced the stillness of the air;
Boys on every street were calling.
Could the enemy so dare?

There in black and startling head lines
"Heavy fighting on frontier;"
We must gird ourselves with courage,
Never show a sign of fear.

We will fight for right and justice
And the weaker one defend.
Though our hearts are near the breaking
We'll keep courage till the end.

"Right makes Might," will be our motto
And we pray that wars may cease.
Then will dawn a brighter tomorrow
When we have enduring peace.

—Olive Wray Heywood.

THE MIRACLE OF GLADIOLI

Our sun room's bright with glads today,
Thanks to kind friends who passed this way.
Pure lily white and scarlet red,
Cut from their gladiolus bed.
Light mauve, rare coral we behold.
On stately spikes the flowers unfold.
Nurtured by rain and sun and dew,
Rich in colours of every hue,
An ugly bulb, tucked in the sod,
Touched by the lavish hand of God.

OUR POSTMAN

He starts his work at peep of day,
While others sleep he's on his way
To gather up the morning mail;
His motto is, he will not fail.
The rich and poor he treats the same,
And those he serves he calls by name.

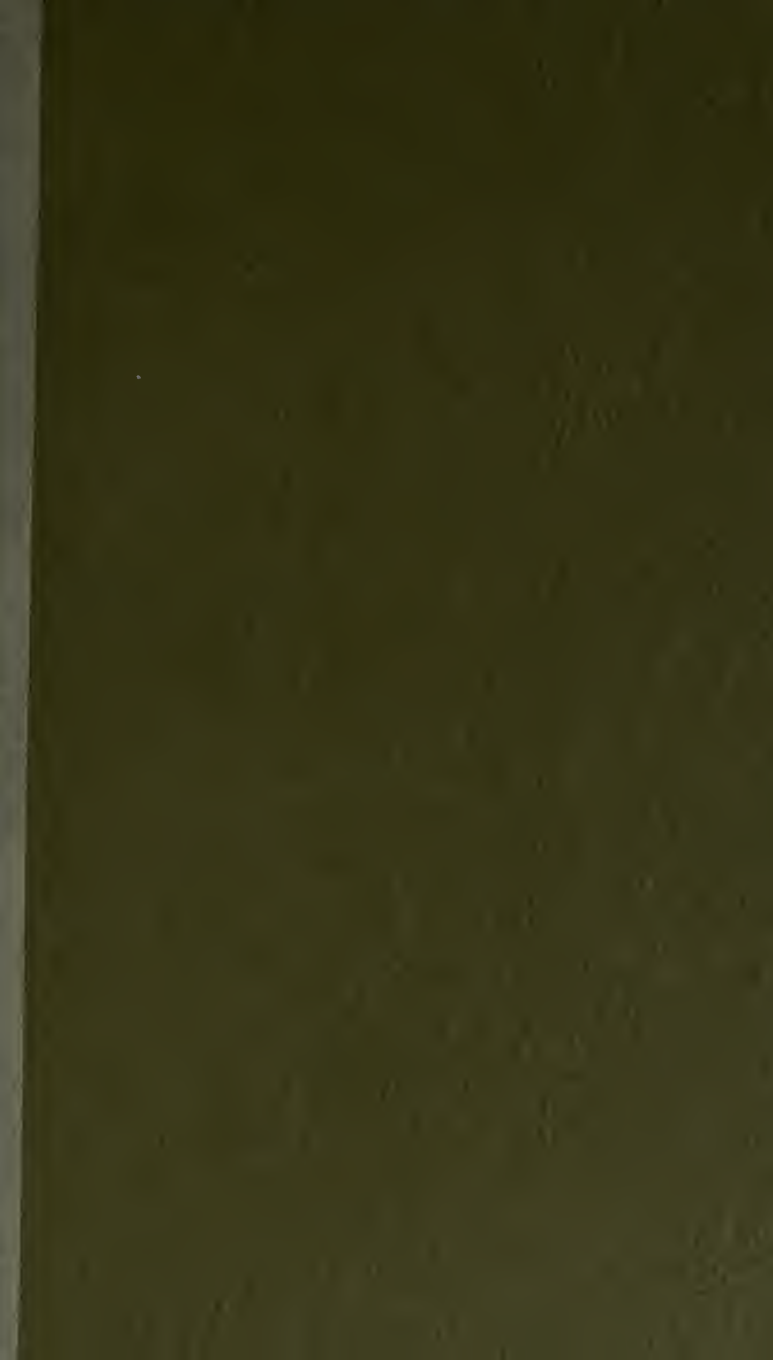
No other man along the street
Is watched so closely on his beat.
He travels many a weary mile,
But greets us all with that same smile.
Through hail and rain and sleet and snow
When torrid or nor'westers blow.

We watch him zig-zag up the road,
His form is bent beneath his load;
Encased in cape and rubbers high
He shields the mail to keep it dry.
Through dusty streets he plods along,
Merrily whistling an old love song.

We cluster 'round the open grate
Intent to learn what is our fate.
A perfumed note for sister Sue,
But Dad steps high—bills overdue—
A cheery note from some far friend,
A black etched one . . . our spirits rend.

This mail is brought by plane or rail,
We know his vigil will not fail.
And so on down life's rugged way
Our highest tribute we would pay
To this our long and trusted friend,
Who'll serve us well until the end.

—Olive Wray Heywood.



419674

LE.C Hansberger, Clara and others
H2494kx Lighted lanterns.

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CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET



